

Natu. A. Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXII. NO. 12.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,
AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY

106 North-Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "Editor of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

Letters containing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

THE PLANS AND HOPES OF THE REBELS.

SPEECH OF ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

(Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, is travelling around among the cotton plantations, to persuade them to contribute a portion of their crop for the present year for the support of the war, the same to be sold by the Confederate government, the subscribers taking Confederate bonds therefor. From Mr. Stephens's speech, at Augusta, Ga., July 11th, we present the following extracts:

The point I present to you is, that we stand now where our revolutionary fathers stood. All we ask is to be permitted to govern ourselves as we please; and for one, I declare to you to-day, you may think of it as you please, the people of the South may decide it as they please, but as for one, I would never surrender this principle, though every valley from here to the Potomac should run with Southern blood and every hill-top be bleached with Southern bones (tremendous applause). Home, firesides, life, friends and luxuries are dear, but there is something dearer to a true man than life, and home, and all. It is honor and independence (applause). Let the enemy therefore, make his calculation as wide and broad as he pleases. I say every true Southern heart is impressed with the magnitude of the responsibility at any and every cost. Our fathers pledged life, honor and fortune for this principle, and I know we are not the degenerate sons, nor are we the degenerate daughters of the noble matrons of that day, that would sacrifice, lose, or surrender these principles at a less cost.

The men are ample: the means to support them is the subject upon which I am to address you, and how is the money to be raised? War, I tell you, costs blood as well as treasure. Have we the means? Can we cope with the North? That is the question. We have not less than four thousand millions of taxable property within the Confederate States, upon the last minimum estimate. At last year's rates, we could therefore raise from one hundred millions to two hundred millions, for years to come, and yet survive.

The wealth of nations, the ability of nations to sustain war, depends not so much upon its taxable property as its productive property. It is to the latter we must look for the means and ability to sustain war, for in times of war, generally, all business is interrupted. In this particular of productive capital, perhaps there is no people in the world more favored under heaven, and for which we ought to be grateful, not boastful; and it is of these blessings for which we should return thanks. No nation in the world, with the same population, has such a continuing and productive capital.

I have ... stated the wealth of the North, but it is not my purpose to detract from it. They were a people of wealth. Most of it, however, came from their connection and trade with us. They were an agricultural people. Their interests and ours were blended together. Our prosperity enabled them to become prosperous, and their States grew up by our trade and commerce. Most of their wealth, when you come to estimate it, was nothing but profits derived from our trade. Cut off that trade. Most of the wealth of the State of New York—and that State alone is estimated to be worth four hundred millions of dollars (that is the taxable property of the State of New York) and in what does it consist? Close up the harbour; cut off manufactures. What does it consist in? Bricks and mortar—nothing else. And if the war lasts as long as the siege of Troy, for the bricks and mortar will be worth no more, unless there are tenants and the profits derived from labor, than the bricks and mortar in the arid plains of Babylon.

Sixty-one millions of New England capital consisted alone in cotton manufactures and cotton spindles. These factories took to us for our raw materials. This capital is now literally paralysed; it is dead; and will be as long as this war lasts.

They are ruined produce I do not now speak. Woollens, hats, shoes or silks, or every variety of dress I see before me, from the crowns of the heads of the fair ladies to the soles of their feet, all, nearly all are supplied by the North, and there are eleven millions of annual product from the sales of cotton goods alone. All this will be cut off, and other things will be equally cut off.

The great difference between the North and the South on the war—and this I say to you in prospect of a long war, for I wish our people to see the full magnitude and to feel the full responsibility which rests upon us in it, and to see our responsibility to meet it—is this: The North sold us some two hundred and fifty millions annually. This was their riches; hence came their wealth; hence grew their cities. Their wealth was but the accumulation deposited from our commerce, just as the delta of the Nile was enriched above the lands of any other portion of Egypt, by the deposit of rich alluvial soil brought down from the mountains and deposited in it. The riches, money and power of the North came in the same way. Our cotton was the source of it, and how Mr. Lincoln is to get his \$500,000,000 I do not know. That is a matter for him to determine, though I may say more about it before I get through, than at present it is sufficient to say that Mr. Lincoln has dammed up the water that turns the mill of Northern prosperity. How long the mill will run time alone will determine.

We grow supplies that the nations of the earth must have—that is, the cotton. What the North is to do without it, as I have said, I cannot say. Hundreds of thousands are dependent upon it for daily bread, and these people are now turned out of employment. Perhaps they are the men who, for want of bread, have joined in this unnatural and suicidal war, which will be to them as disastrous as to us. In England, perhaps not less than five millions of people depend upon cotton for their daily bread; in France, several hundred thousands, if not millions (I am not particular in my statistics). And when you come to take into consideration the amount of capital, the number of sailors, and the amount of tonnage employed in this trade, you will be still more surprised. Why, in the United States there are 40,000 seamen engaged in the transportation of cotton alone. And if you take into account the numbers in India, France, Germany, Holland and Bremen engaged in it, you will find that it will amount to less than ten millions of people, to say nothing of the hundreds of millions of money capital engaged in it. This therefore, is an element of great power—the great motor of the commerce of the world. We grow it. There is no part of the world that grows it as we do. We supply the markets of the world—they must

meet many asking about the blockade. I cannot say, to-day, tell you how the blockade is to be raised. But there is one thing certain—in some way or other it will be obliged to be raised, or there will be revolution in Europe—there will be starvation there. Our cotton is the element that will do it. Steam is powerful, but steam is far short in its power to the tremendous power of cotton. If you look out upon the ocean to-day, and inquire into the secret agency of commerce, you will find that it is cotton that drives it, and the spindles and looms, from those in your own State to the remotest corners in the world—it is this element of cotton that drives them; and it is this great staple which is the tremendous lever, by which we can work out our destiny, under Providence, I

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1861.

WHOLE NO. 1,104.

THE STANDARD.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON'S ADDRESS,
Delivered at Rev. Mr. Grimes's Church, Boston, Sunday
Evening, July 21, 1861.

Reported for The Pine and Palm by J. M. W. YERKINS.

trust, against four hundred thousand, or against four thousand four hundred thousand (applause).

I have been frequently asked if bonds of the Confederate government were good. Well, I want to be equally frank upon that point. If we succeed, if we establish our independence, if we are not overruled, if we are not subjugated, I feel no hesitation in telling you it is the best government stock in the world that I know of. These bonds pay eight percent, semi-annually; therefore, if there is a short war, these bonds very soon will command fifteen or twenty per cent.; but bonds also compel me to state that if Lincoln overruns us—if we are subjugated, these bonds will not be worth a single dime, and nothing else you have will be worth anything. If we are overrun, they will be worth just as much as anything else you have, and nothing else you will be worth anything (laughter). So that is the whole of it.

It is a common inquiry with me, how long I think the war will last—whether or not it shall be a short one?

Well, my countrymen, I will tell you this, that it is known only to the Ruler of events. It is curtailed from mortal knowledge and mortal vision. I know not; I would not know if I could. It is in the mysterious past; but there is one thing I can tell you with confidence, and that is, it is going to last until the enemy is whipped, and driven from our soil (tremendous applause). And it will require a life and money to do it, and the best way to make it a short war is to send men into the field, and to raise men enough to support them in the field to drive the enemy out. This is the best way. This is the way to make it a short war, and in this the cotton planters can contribute; and when I tell you it is an uncertain war, I cannot account for its duration upon any rational principle. It is a fanatical war, and whenever fanaticism gets control of reason you can make no speculation in regard to it.

This is a war against reason in every sense of the term. In the first place, many of those engaged in it are engaged in a crusade nominally to ameliorate the condition of a portion of our population. They are engaged in a crusade to make things better than the Creator made them, or to make things equal which he made unequal. It is impious in that a great deal of the fanaticism of the war springs, I doubt not, from that source. Such an effort never could succeed, were they to overturn and drive us away. These very people would do as some are now reported to be doing in Virginia (of which I neither affirm nor deny the truth)—capture the black population and send them off to Cuba for sale. But there is one thing certain, that they can no more carry their fanatical designs than they can make the Savannah run to the mountains; for the Great Creator—the Ruler of the universe—made one inferior to the other and made him calculation as wide and broad as he pleases. I say every true Southern heart is impressed with the magnitude of the responsibility at any and every cost. Our fathers pledged life, honor and fortune for this principle, and I know we are not the degenerate sons, nor are we the degenerate daughters of the noble matrons of that day, that would sacrifice, lose, or surrender these principles at a less cost.

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the different Colonels of your command to have them removed and placed in charge of Colonel Gordon (2d Massachusetts Regiment), commandant of the fort.

Stated, F. J. Poore, A. A. G.

The Provost-Marshal in this war has lost his ancient dignity of Judge, and has degenerated into a police officer. This must have been very pleasant to a Massachusetts colonel, this duty of acting as jailor for the safe-keeping of runaway negroes belonging to men in arms against the country! I am happy to say, however, that upon inquiry at the office of the Provost-Marshal, Col. Gordon, this morning, I learned that no runaway "niggers" had been placed in his charge, and the inference is that the masters were mistakes as to their whereabouts. If not found in the neighboring woods, they had better look for them in Canada.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1861.

Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing contributions for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "Editor of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BERKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "Publisher of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BERKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

THE LESSON OF DEFEAT.

DEFEAT is a bitter medicine, but it is often a wholesome one. That we had at Bull's Run, we think it is now clear enough, will be one of this kind. We shall be still the better and stronger for it. It was "a heavy blow," but not "a great discouragement." Nobody regards it as a material reverse. It is discomfited but not destroyed, mortified but not ruined. The loss, in a military point of view, is nothing, allowing it to be as great as it has ever been asserted to be, while the gain in experience and preparation for the work before us may be infinite. Not a tenth part of the force we have on foot, or in immediate readiness, was engaged on that evil day, and the effect of the disaster has only been to stimulate the war-spirit and make the nation doubly resolved to conquer. The day was lost, but all was not lost with it, by any means. It was a "dishonest victory," like the one at Cheronea; but not, like that, "fatal to liberty."

In the first place, it teaches us that our enemy is not as contemptible, especially in his own country and with the advantage of choosing his own method of fighting, as we have been too ready to believe him. That Sunday proved the literal truth of what we said on the 6th inst., "The Davis faction have men enough, their cavalry is better than ours, their artillery as good—thanks to the judicious stealings of Floyd—they have abundance of excellent officers who have stolen their education from us, they are acting all the defensive in a country they know perfectly well—why should they yield the object they have gone to war to gain?" And they achieved the strategic success of bringing twice as many men to a particular point as we did.

We have learnt the necessity of bringing bodies of much greater numerical strength to act upon the enemy than was thought necessary before the light of that day. For the enemy was not only twice as many as we, but they were multiplied by four by their position behind masked batteries. The rebels have never yet been able to stand up before our men, even when in superior force, in the open field, as Lyon and McClellan can testify; but behind earthworks, one of them is a match for three of our men, as they brag of being, and we must take that element into consideration in our future military calculations. It was reported some time ago that Beauregard had said that this war would be decided by artillery; and he has now given us a practical lesson in his art by which it will be our own fault if we do not profit.

A second benefit which must grow out of this defeat is the insight which it gives into the soul of the North into the character of our enemies—a character the necessary consequence of the negro slavery which has degraded and brutalized the whites even more than the blacks, from the utter contempt for human life and the habits of cruelty which the system undeniably engenders. It will take bitter experience and much blood, we fear, to teach men who have been bred up for the last quarter of a century in the nurture and admittance of the Constitution, that there is not some divinity that hedges an owner of slaves far beyond what sanctifies any other species of property-holding. It is part of the penalty of accomplishing in such a crime as slavery that it dulls the intellect and debauches the heart of the accessory. Hence the blindness which men in the high places, civil and military, assume to have, if they have it not, as to the real question at issue in this war. They refuse to acknowledge that slavery has anything to do with the matter, and try to make themselves and the country believe that the only possible result of their victory

the conduct of the war will be to put things on the old footing before it began and to make the future even as the past. Hence the disgraceful slave-catchings of Burnsides and of Cowdin—only the men caught by the furious zeal of the former happened not to be slaves—and the orders issued by Generals McClellan and Patterson for the aid and comfort of the slaveholding enemy. But we apprehend that a few more days like the 21st ult., with its firing on surgeons and ambulances, its bayoneting and cutting the throats of wounded men and its shelling of hospitals, will make the common soldiers, at least, understand the nature of the war and the source whence these fiendish cruelties proceed. They have never yet shown the slave-catching alacrity which has possessed their commanders, and we imagine what little they have will grow less and less as their encounters with the enemy are renewed.

We think, after a few more lessons like that administered at Bull's Run, the Northern people will begin to ask, For what is all this waste of wealth and loss of life, if it be merely to restore a political condition in which these barbarians were of necessity our own masters as well as the masters of their slaves? Is it worth while to submit to all the waste of life and property which the war must entail upon us, if the fruit of victory is to be the restoration of the insolent domination of Toombs and Mason, with the incidental reiteration of an occasional slave-hunt for their behoof? This defeat is, very likely, the most fortunate thing that could befall us, just at this juncture, much more victorious than a victory. Supposing the chance of battle had gone the other way and the United States army had routed and dispersed that of the rebels and marched triumphantly to Richmond, what would have been the result? The offering them of just such terms as shall invite them the most enticingly to return into the Union again. The kind of magnanimity which was invoked in aid of the Fugitive Slave bill and of all our concessions to slavery, would have been appealed to again, and we should have given them guarantees for slavery and for their political supremacy because of it, such as they had never dared to ask. All the Contraband of War would have been restored, their debt assumed, and, most likely, all the traitors in army and navy would have been restored to their old rank. Twigs would have been again placed in command of a division, Tammal of a squadron, Maury of the Observatory, Mason and Toombs would be welcomed back to the Senate, and Jeff. Davis would probably have been the next President of the United States. We know that these ideas will be scoffed as preposterous; but they are but the logical sequence of the assumed premises, and not at all more preposterous than many a passage in the history of the last twenty years, illuminated with the names of Clay, and Webster, and Everett, and whatever others there be of the brights.

This horror is now impossible. Flushed with victory, the magnitude and importance of which we have vied with them in magnifying, Davis and his fellow-conspirators will never accept of any terms

but their own. At least, not till a long succession of victories and the exhaustion of their resources shall make it necessary. And whether we shall not be likely to be tired of the war before they are, is a question which will soon grow into a very prominent one. Death has begun to darken the thresholds of the homes of the North. The load of impending taxation has not yet begun to weigh upon our industry. Few wars remain long popular, though they are always so at the beginning. We have been repulsed on the very frontier of the enemy's country, we certainly shall not penetrate to its heart without many a deadly struggle. And we fight under this disadvantage. The Southern army hats us with a perfect hatred. They have been educated to believe that all our property is just so much robbed from them. Had it not been for us, every man would have had his plantation and scourged his slaves in peace. Our men, on the contrary, had no more animosity to those they went to fight than a policeman has against a dangerous gang of thieves or gamblers whom he is sent to arrest. This fight, or a few more like it, will probably cure this defect in a measure, but the virulence of their animosity must needs be of a more furious type than any it can create on our side. Then, again, they have a genuine and hearty contempt for us—a contempt which we have only nourished and fostered by all our bare attempts to conciliate and win them; we, on the other hand, have the inevitable feeling of inferiority in their presence which long submission necessarily engenders on the part of those that submit to tyranny. All this is greatly in their favor, and will make the victory we propose to ourselves the harder to win. It will be won, and be worth the winning, only in case we accept as its necessary incident and end the Emancipation or the destruction and the Reconstruction of the Union on the basis of universal liberty. Unless there be virtue and wisdom enough acquired as the war goes on to endure this action, it was far better that the independence of the rebellious States should be acknowledged and a fragment of the great Republic rescued for the uses of Freedom and delivered from the abuses of Slavery.

COUNT GASPARIN ON THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

Count Agénor de Gasparin, a French Protestant, widely known by previous works on Protestantism, Slavery, and the phenomena and theories collectively called Spiritualism, has published a work* on the present crisis of our government and people. A translation of it, by Mary L. Booth (named below), has been printed in this country. The purpose of the book is to cheer and help the opponents of American slavery, and to combat an error widely prevailing abroad in regard to us, that the United States, having up to this time pursued a prosperous career, are now beginning to decline. The author skilfully opposes this error, and shows that the true and permanent prosperity of this country depends upon the overthrow of slavery; and that, though the war now in progress is not directly waged against that wickedness, yet, since its result must be to weaken slavery, and advance far towards its extinction, the prospect is evidently hopeful, and the condition of the country more satisfactory than when this cancer was quiet and undisturbedly preying upon its vitals. He welcomes, as all true lovers of freedom must do, the shock of an operation which is needful to remove the disease.

Commencing by an allusion to the melancholy fact that we have become so accustomed to the word slavery as to think and speak of it with indifference, our author gives a brief but vivid description of the thing. He asks whether it is possible to "catharsize" a thing so base; and declares that our verdict against it need not wait for the substantiation of collections of atrocious deeds (exceptional or otherwise), but is rendered inevitable by a mere reading of the laws of the South upon this subject.

De Gasparin proceeds to show that the constantly increasing pretensions and aggressions of the Slave Power were dragging the United States nearer and nearer to utter ruin, when this process was checked by a voluntary withdrawal of the principal slave States following the election of Mr. Lincoln. He forcibly sketches the successive triumphs of the Slave Power, culminating in the treacherous and infamous policy of Mr. Buchanan, shows that the crisis would have been more serious in proportion to the further extent of its delay, and declares his profound conviction that, instead of suddenly falling into ruin, as many European croakers affirm, "the United States have just been saved!"

Our author recognizes the fact that the Republicans, in electing Mr. Lincoln, had not the slightest purpose, or expectation, of emancipating the slaves. He makes the accurate distinction between this party and the Abolitionists, though he has formed very erroneous ideas of the latter class, having trusted, apparently, to the statements of their opponents, instead of examining their writings for himself. He does not expect the immediate overthrow, or the speedy entire extirpation, of slavery; but he considers it certain that the reign of that tyranny has ceased, that its tide has turned, and that it will henceforth wane and decay.

The Abolitionists can easily excuse the erroneous judgment formed by one who, in the very act of condemning them, himself adopts the essential features of their position; who laments that error and crime which suffered slavery to remain when the United States Constitution was adopted; and who finds his soul refreshed and exalted by the fiery contests in this country, in contrast with the quiet and unquestioned supremacy which slavery maintains in Cuba and Brazil. He sees the necessity of prompt and vigorous action. He sees the ruinous tendency of compromise, in a contest of liberty with slavery.

There are many little errors in this book, and some great ones. Not the least of these are found in the chapter entitled "The Churches and Slavery."

This speaks of "the Congregationalists and the Methodists" as the two "most considerable" sects, and represents that both these take a right position in regard to slavery; it represents the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church last year as having taken anti-slavery ground; it quotes from the revised "Discipline" that body an excellent sentence expressive of its belief and practice upon that subject, ignorant that that very sentence had been explained in the "Appendix" to be only "advisory," and not mandatory; it attributes to the reformatory spirit of the Congregational Church certain action which internal evidence shows to have proceeded from the small and obscure "American Anti-Slavery Society," to which nine-tenths of the Congregational Churches turn the cold shoulder; and it refers to the expulsion of a slave-hunting deacon from a Congregational Church in Ohio, as a fair specimen of the customary action of Churches of that order, instead of being, as it was, a peculiar and remarkable transaction.

By a similar misapprehension, although awarding just condemnation to the American Tract Society, this chapter represents that the other "religious societies" declare themselves openly against slavery, in spite of the menaces of the South; and it describes "the great American Board of Missions" as having "broken off" its relations with the missionaries employed among the Choctaws, for the sole reason that they refused to take the attitude befitting Christians in the face of the Indian slaveholders."

No doubt this enormous error (a direct reversal of the truth, as examination of the Annual Report of the American Board for 1859 will show) has been imposed upon Count Gasparin as truly by the persistent misrepresentations of *The Independent* upon that subject. Relying upon its statements, he could hardly think otherwise. And his book shows that he has relied upon its statements.

While treating of the connection of the Churches with slavery, Count Gasparin assumes that "the American awakening" (the extensive revival of 1858-9) had a very important influence in preparing the way for the present struggle, and in producing that unanimity which the North is now contending against the rebels. Unfortunately for this hypothesis, that "awakening" was extended throughout the South, as throughout the North, and not only produced as marked results in all more preposterous than many a passage in the history of the last twenty years, illuminated with the names of Clay, and Webster, and Everett, and whatever others there be of the brights.

This horror is now impossible. Flushed with this victory, the magnitude and importance of which we have vied with them in magnifying, Davis and his fellow-conspirators will never accept of any terms

but their own. Indeed, in the North, special efforts were made to prevent any action of new-born consciousness in this direction. Placards stood conspicuously on the walls of prayer-meetings, admonishing those who spoke or prayed that "NO CONTROVERSED TOPICS" were to be alluded to; and the most highly esteemed "religious" papers earnestly discouraged the mention of slavery in these meetings, as adapted to check the "work of grace." In fact, the influence of that great religious excitement has appeared in the appeals of ecclesiastical bodies, "Young Men's Christian Association," etc., on the rebel side, urging their Northern brethren "not to oppose either slavery or secession, quite as conspicuously as in any other manner.

Our author thinks this recent "awakening" to have been different in kind from the "revivals" previously known in this country, because it was free from intense physical excitement, shouts, ecstasies and similar sobs. But he mistakes in attributing these characteristics to all previous revivals, as much as in supposing that the last was more adverse to slavery than former ones. A personal knowledge of many revivals for thirty-five years past has shown us that they were as quiet and decorous as that of 1858-9; and experience and careful observation have equally shown us that none of them have caused, either emancipation of slaves in the South, or an increase of opponents of slavery among Northern men. On the contrary, when a person indifferent alike to slavery and anti-slavery becomes converted, and joins the Church, he almost invariably becomes hostile to anti-slavery; and the double reason of this change is manifest; he comes more than formerly under the influence of the clergy, the majority of whom deceitfully represent abolitionism as infidelity, and he finds himself required to recognize vast numbers of slaveholders in the South as "Christian brethren."

If *The Independent* had done its duty of prompt and energetic rebuke of its pro-slavery "brethren" even in the single case of those "dejegos" from the "Troy Young Men's Christian Association" who, travelling to New York to attend a grand Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations there, in 1860, took certificates from the Mayor of Troy, testifying their soundness in regard to the "peculiar institution" to protect themselves against outrage from the young Christians of the South—Count Gasparin might have avoided several mistakes of his book.

As it is, however, even while accepting the calm and judicious statement of *The Independent* that our chief Abolitionists are opponents of Christianity, our author utters a noble rebuke against those who offer this as the pretext for withdrawing, or abstaining, from anti-slavery action. These are his words, pp. 90, 91 of the translation:

"And let me put forward the shameful pretext: there are sceptics, rationalists, free-thinkers in the ranks of abolitionism! Why not? Questions of this sort, thanks to the Gospel, have entered in the domain of common morality; shall I desert these questions in order to avoid contact with men who reject the essential doctrines of Christianity? I confess that the orthodoxy which should draw such conclusions would appear suspicious to me. Voltaire, pleading for the Calas, will not make me turn my back on religious liberty; Channing, writing pages against slavery revealing a heart more Christian than his doctrine; Parker, blinding his noble efforts in favor of the negroes with his assaults against the Bible, will not alienate me from our *wheretofore* and *whence* of heart!"

In an exchange of pulpits last Sabbath with a brother minister of Massachusetts, the following sentiments were received with special favor at the close of the evening discourse on the Providential duty of the present hour in regard to slavery. Though long familiar to you, radicalism in such a form has not often found expression in the New England pulpit. But thanks be to God, under the working of Providential agencies, it has become convinced that our government is greatly in error in moving at once to the annihilation of slavery in the United States, and so striking our formidable adversaries with a vulnerable point.

Some loyal citizens, that, a few weeks ago, would not sign a petition which I was circulating, asking Congress to take immediate measures for the entire removal of the cause of the war (slavery), now agree with you that "as the most reasonable, hopeful and demanded means for putting down the rebellion, both Abolitionists and anti-Abolitionists should petition the President to proclaim the liberty of the slaves."

And the *Tribune* too—*Primum inter pares* among the powers of progress—is found saying, "Slavery is notoriously, by the confession of the rebels, as well as by the instincts of all true men, the *TERTELLA CAUSA*, the blackest provocation of this war, and therefore not entitled to any special grace and favor on our part. It would be competent for Congress to grant reasonable compensation to unquestionable Union men for the loss of their slaves—to any rebel, never!" That the best resolution of this difficulty will present itself at the right moment, if sought earnestly and in good faith, we have faith to believe. Probably, we shall all wonder to find how easy a thing it was to be just, and moral at once!

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the New Jerusalem; but the throne of God and of man will be in it; and his slaves shall serve him.

Never—nevertheless I have a few things to say, because that woman Jezebel, who has sold herself a prophetess, to teach and to seduce her slaves, to commit fornication, and to eat things profane with idols.

Now—in a religious sense, fornication is properly

abominable in the slave-breeding States. It is inac-

tuative. Indeed, we find no Scripture-warrant

for a minister or to excommunicate a

slave. In that case, it would be impossible to convict the

slave. For in neither Church nor State can the

slavery of any colored person be admitted against a

slave more than we have given the true rendering of *doulos* and

and that we are willing our readers should judge.

ALTHEA.

REMARKABLE PREVISION.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU....LV.

JULY 15th, 1861.

To the Editor of *The National Anti-Slavery Standard*.

"Mr. Liberator of March 10, 1857—four years and

four months ago—appeared a report of a

Spanish "Spirit Manifestation" purporting to have

been made by the late N. P. Rogers of Concord, H. H.,

and the Prof. Follett of Harvard University,

Henry C. Wright and others. Here is an extract, copied

from the paper of the date above mentioned,

which seems to have been an almost literal predition

of the war now raging in this country. Even if it be

sufficient interest to justify its reproduction at this

time, I will enter into it.

Charles Follen then indicated his presence by spelling

out his name, and said he too had a message to

say. "I am greatly distressed." The chest

was convulsively "I am surrounded by fire and

water." The extremitie were cold as life was indeed

away. This state lasted but a short time, when

communication continued, the following questions

"Do you and your associates spirits interest yourselves in the present struggle between the North and

South in regard to liberty and slaves?"

"Only deeply so. I am ever watching the anti-slavery movement with deepest interest."

"Can you tell the results of this conflict?"

"We can—the certain dissolution of the present

abolishing Union, the formation of a Northern Republic

on the principle of No Union with Slaveholders, and

an abolition of slavery."

"How is this to be done?"

"ONLY BY BLOOD!"

"At this point, one of the mediums saw, with

the assistance of light, in a trance state, the fearful scene of

war, and became greatly agitated—wrote bitterly

up her arms and exclaimed, "You have never

seen A FIELD OF BLOOD!" This is truthful! This influence must succeed, and the following was

then written with a pencil:

"The vision shall surely be realized. Waves of

revolution shall roll, in quick succession, over the

entire nation. They set at nought all the laws of justice,

and defy the Supreme Judge of all the earth, and

are filled with their own devils, who have drunken

iniquity like water. THEY WILL GIVE THEM BLOOD TO DRINK!"

"Where will this blood conflict be?"

"In Washington and the border States."

"Do you approve of this way of abolishing slavery

and the slaves?"

"There is no other way now left by which to abolish

slavery but by blood. The day of peaceful settlement of

the question of slavery and the Union is past, and

is to return. The responsibility of the blood that must flow

rest on those in Church and State, who twenty

years ago, had the power to stop it. The blood of the slave, and

those who fall in the conflict between the North and

the South—between Liberty and Slavery—will be

at their hands."

"This is what was given by Charles Follen to H. C. Wright. A presence filled the room while the above

was being communicated, that deeply impressed, even

to tears, those who were in the circle."

* Dr. Follen, it will be remembered, was lost on the

steamer Lexington, which was destroyed by fire on Long Island Sound in 1845.—Ed. Standard.

CHILDREN'S CONVENTION.

Hold at Ligonier, Chester County, Pa., on Seventh day of August month (August), 1852, at 10 o'clock a.m.

JESSE'S SEVENTH ANNUAL LETTER TO THE LITTLE FOOLS.

Dear Children: Before the apple trees were in blossom a nest of young robins had piped their way

out of the tiny blue eggs, some boys and girls began to

plan our Children's Convention, which we have had annually since 1855. So some of them wrote a

letter and addressed it to an "uncle" of theirs, pro-

posing to do it. The blood of the slave, and

those who fall in the conflict between the North and

the South—between Liberty and Slavery—will be

at their hands."

There is no other way now left by which to abolish

slavery but by blood. The day of peaceful settle-

ment of the question of slavery and the Union is past,

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Miscellaneous Department.

DESTRUCTION OF TISSUE.

"We might aloge, in answer to the testator, that the drinking of wine is a spirituous, general, insatiable as it tends to prevent the destruction of tissue."

On, thanks, dear *Review*, for that comforting creed, For joining with compatriots in supporting it, For "drinking" — preventing destruction of tissue."

Mrs. Brown, when your husband comes late from the club, Don't push him away as he offers to kiss the sun; He's been only prevented destruction of tissue.

You actor, accustomed to triple o' nights, In amateur spectacles take umbrage and kiss her; Come down, with satisfied grin, to the lights, And say, you're prevented destruction of tissue.

Dinner-on — if you don't take the hint, you're an ass; When you're heated, let me have your faint fihu; Don't ask her, but if you repeat her glass, Bully-well shell prevent the destructive tissue.

O Daniel, in judgment, for teaching that word. You cannot conceive what good fortune we wish you: Punch fills up a bumper, the downy old bird, And prevents, in your honor, destruction of tissue.

Punch.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

Inn, in Florence, Italy, on Saturday Morning June 29th, half an hour after daybreak, ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, aged 46, two years, wife of Robert Browning.

A LIFE of suffering has at last ended in peace! A frail body that bore the burden of too great a brain—a soul laden too heavily with God's gifts—has at last broken under the weight! The shadows of the night fell upon the sick woman's eyes and closed them, but half an hour after daybreak, she beheld the Eternal Vision! What she wrote of Cowper's Grace, now stands written of her own—

"It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying—

It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their pining—

Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence languish!

Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish."

This death is not to be lightly written or lightly read. Famous names every day are added to the dead, and without tears. But this death will be mourned on both sides of the ocean in every house hold where this writer's books have entered. Her friend Cavour dropped down in the midst of his work and good men are still of serious fear; but at this other death there is more: there is grief. We know of no more households than one in which there has been weeping. This, too, by strangers who never saw her face! This, too, although she has herself forbidden it!

"And friends, dear friends—when it shall be That this low breath is gone from me,

And round my bier ye come to weep,

Let one, most loving of you all,

Say, 'Not a tear must you fall—

But give his beloved, sleep!'

What shall we now say of her? For death losses all tongues to speak the full praise of the dead. Let us say, then, and say truly, Not a finer genius ever came into the world, or went out of it; not a nobler heart ever beat in a human bosom; not a more Christian life was ever lived; not a more beautiful memory ever gathered around the name of "Mother of Genius."

The reason of this unusual sense of loss is plain. Those who have read Mrs. Browning at all, have read her over and over again. They never close the books without meaning to open them many times more. Her pages, once truly known, are never afterward slighted. A friend of ours reads "The Eve of St. Agnes" once a year to his family, but on the lips of the same reader "Bertha in the Lane" counts all the months between. Of reading "Aurora Leigh" when can there be an end? One need never be athirst for a book, while that is at hand. So that to lose Mrs. Browning—to those who know their loss—means something more than to lose any one else. Is she sometimes hard to be understood? An English reviewer has said that Plato is understood by only one man in a century, yet Plato comes down through all the centuries to meet these few. If the world were ever made poorer by the passing out of any great soul (which we cannot believe—but only richer), then certainly it is as much poorer by the loss of Mrs. Browning as by the going out of any great light now shining.

The record of her outward life is brief. A few dates and other facts comprise it all. Born in London in 1809, she became a writer in 1819, and a publisher in 1826. Her first volume, an "Essay on Mind"—written in heroic rhyme, like Pope's "Essay on Man"—was afterwards withdrawn from print, and now cannot be found in any bookseller's garret. She decreed a like fate upon her next book, published in 1833, "Promethean Bound," translated from *Zephyrus*: excluding it from a subsequent volume of collected works, and giving this in the preface:

"One early failure, a translation of the Promethean of *Zephyrus*, which, though happily free from the faults of publication, may be reckoned lost, and by a few new persons I have replaced by an entirely new version, made for my and my conscience, in expiation of a sin of youth, with the sincerest application of my mature mind."

So that her first ventures in authorship were triumphant failures. Shortly afterward began her acquaintance with Mary Russell Milford, who deserves her at twenty-seven as of a—

"Slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curling hair, on either side of a most expressive face—large, tender eyes, fringed with dark lashes—and a smile like a sunbeam."

This description of twenty-five years ago is true, every word, of a photograph now lying on our table, copied from Macaire's original, made at Hay's in 1856, and which Robert Browning esteems the most faithful likeness ever made of his wife. The three-quarter length shows (what photographs sometimes fail to show) the comparative stature of the figures; here she is so delicate and diminutive that we can easily believe, as he said, that her husband drew this same portrait in "The Flight of the Duchess" when he sketched

"...the smallest lady alive."

But the one striking feature of the picture is the intellectual and spiritual expression of the face and head; for here, borne up by pillars of curlis on either side, is just such an intellectual arch as she saw in the "Vision of the Poets"—

"A forehead royal with the truth!"

In 1837 she had the misfortune to burst a blood vessel of the lungs, and shortly afterward to be brought trembling to the edge of the grave by a shock occasioned by the accidental drowning of a brother, upset in a yacht. The haunting memory of this tragedy kept her in such continual prostration that not until several months afterward were her friends willing to risk removing her, by short daily journeys, from the sea-coast, where the accident occurred to her brother, to a home in London. Here, for several years, she led an exile from society, shut up in a dim chamber, her chief companion (beyond a few chosen friends) being a Hebrew Bible, a shelfful of large-print Greek books, and a small range of polygot reading. Here the Attic bee brings its honey to her lips. Here she thought and studied, and ripened her genius until it grew worthy of the fame which afterward crowned it. Here she sought in another's words, as to show how unfounded is the statement, everywhere met in this country, that Mrs. Browning's genius has not received its due recognition in England.

We make only one complete quotation from her poems; and not from her printed pages, but from one of her manuscripts; a note-sheet of verses, with an autograph, lately written and sent him over the sea, to be too soon followed by the message of her death. The handwriting is strong, legible, sure, un-English as that is not at all a good or running hand, and more like a man than a woman's; such a penmanship as Poe would have read a character from. This is probably the last she wrote. The story is of the harassed and vexed Pontifex, now likely soon to die clear of his troubles—if, indeed, Pöpke ever did such a thing!

A VIEW ACROSS THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

Over the dumb campagna-sea,
Out in the gloomy mist and rain,
Sister, we have a lonely
Liege in mighty pain in ship,
Facing the tempest with struggle and strain.

Matinless waifs of ruined towers,
Soundless breakers of desolate land!

The sultry mist of the devout
That mountain-range upon either hand,
Eaten away from its own green.

And over the dusk of the day,
Where the light of the Church hovers on to wreck,
Alone, as if God must be,
The Christ walks!—Ay, but Peter's neck
Is stiff to turn on the founderling deck.

Peter, Peter, if such thy name,
Now leave the ship for another to steer,
And proving thy faith even in the same,
Come forth, bold sailor, through the shark and drear,
Since he with the walk on the sea is here!

Peter Peter!—he does not speak—
He is not as rash as in old Galilee.

Sister a ship though it toss and leak,
Then a reeling foot on a rolling sea!

—And he got to be bound in the girth, thinks he.

Peter Peter!—he does not stir—
His nose are heavy with the fish;

He reckons his gills to be keen to infer,
...The sturgeon goes on the shore, if the Lord should wish—

But the sturgeon goes to the Caesar's dish."

Peter, Peter, thou fisher of men,

Fish a world thou list live instead—

Begging for pence with the other Ten,

Cheating the market as much a head,

Gripping the trident of the traitor dead?

At the triple crow of the Grecian dog—

Thou woe!—the couch that thine eyes be dazed:

What bird comes next in the tempest-shock?

...Vultures! See—as when Bonaparte gazed—

To inaugurate a world a man!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Made by Tuscan flutes, instruments more various, of our own!

Read in partial parts of Spenser—or the subtle interflowing of Petrarch's sonnets—here's the book—the leaf is

found in Petrarch's sonnets—here's the book—the leaf is

folded down!—

Or at times a uniform volume—Wordsworth's solemn

and noblest of all!

How fit!—Balling-some! or Pomegranate! enchanted reverie,

Or from Ballad-some! or Pomegranate! enchanted reverie,

Or from deep down the middle,

Showed a heart within, blood-tinctured, of a veined human

By

These, obedient to her praying, did I read aloud the poems.

Made by Tuscan flutes, instruments more various, of our own!

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